



Magazine Page

DRAWN BY
C. D. BATCHELOR

Contrasts

When a Girl Marries

A ROMANCE OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

Phoebe Pretends Neal Has Forgotten Her and Anne Tries to Put Off Dick West.

By Anne Lisle.

(These newspaper serials are unique in popular appeal and cleverness of construction.)

CHAPTER CLXXI.

NEAL leaped to his feet and stood right in front of her. Fifteen minutes before I had seen Phoebe standing like this with the jade necklace lying at her feet. And now, with my heart feeling as if it were clamped to the middle of my throat, I turned, knowing what to expect.

But, as a matter of fact, I hadn't been quite what to expect. There in the doorway as I had, of course, guessed—stood Phoebe. But such a different Phoebe.

Adorned a sophisticated center parting her hair was drawn from her little ears and piled high in a great puff of curls. From those curls, reddened slightly at the lobes, hung her jade earrings. Her lips and cheeks were reddened, too, and her wide, wistful eyes were narrowed and hardened by the black lines drawn under them to elongate them. She had wrapped herself in a coral-colored negligee, and over it hung her jade necklace.

She looked very beautiful and very weirdly and very ridiculous, poor baby.

Neal stood staring at her, and for a second she started back. For all those absurd paint, her lips had a childish sweetness and a pathetic droop. In a moment or two that was gone. And Phoebe came forward, both hands swung out in a welcome. She lost all color and flavor for the words that rendered it meaningless.

Phoebe's demand.

Still Neal stared at her, far too much the boy to make this out, and far too honest to pretend that he understood what was Greek to him.

Phoebe flung up her arms with an accompanying shrug of the shoulders, and there that a motion picture director might have worked long to secure from his star "ramp."

"How embarrassing!" she cried. "Anne de tell Lieutenant Hyland that he's

met me before."

I wanted to take her by the shoulders and shake her. I wanted to cry out:

"Fine amateur theatricals! If you've been rehearsing them for the last month, consider that you've made a triumph hit in this new role and spare us more."

But of course I couldn't do that. However much Phoebe humiliated Neal before me, I couldn't shame her before him or reduce her to the rank of a naughty little girl playing "lady" in clothes borrowed from mamma without permission.

"Oh, Phoebe!" cried Neal. It was fairly wrung from him, and the honest longing of it seemed certain to bring down the barriers of Phoebe's hurt pride, if I decided to get out of the room and leave them alone to find each other again.

"Excuse me," I said. "I must go," and mumbled something about airing the beds.

I fairly ran across the room and, brushing past Phoebe, I noticed that she was a waying a little on her feet. In another second I would have been gone; but the phone chose that particular moment to shrill out—and never more happily.

"I'll answer," I stammered, and ran to the telephone.

"Hello, that you, Mrs. Jimmie?" came Dick West's voice over the telephone. "We just had a long-distance from friend husband. He won't be in till late tonight. I've fixed up another little party for you."

"You and Phoebe will dine with me, then we'll meet my sister and her fiancé at the theater and Jimmie'll join us in the box as soon as he gets in. And now may I speak to Phoebe?"

"I'm sorry, I can't dine with you—or go to the theater. I'm busy to-night," I cried nervously.

"Oh—plans of your own?"

The insinuations Dick West managed to get into those five words made me positively ill.

"My brother's in town—unexpectedly," I returned coldly. "Bring him along. Show him the city," said Mr. West, with expansive cordiality.

"I'd rather—be with the family, this first night," I said, getting nearer and every minute.

"Well—That's me. In the business family, and ready to be in the crowd all along the line. I'll fix it with Phoebe. You're coming? Jim will be in a fine way if you're not in the box when he gets there. Now let me speak to the little girl."

All through this conversation I had been amazingly conscious that there was no murmur of voices in the room, that Phoebe and Neal were silent, pretending politely that they wanted to avoid disturbing me. "You can't speak to her just now," I said. "Please call again in an hour."

On the words, Phoebe darted across the room to my side, interrupting her voice with the one coming over the phone:

"That's for me—I'll speak to him." She laid her hand on mine, but I flicked the receiver back on its hook, and slipped past her into the other room.

To Be Continued.

The Rhyming Optimist

By Aline Michaelis.

REST.

SOME people, when they want a rest, try golfing for a while, in Harry Lauder costume dressed they hike for many a mile. They swing their clubs and hit the air, they dash out the minks; they never have an hour to spare; they sleep but forty winks. No daisies in society has anything on these, as hopping on from tea to tea, they rest and snore and wheeze. And others who are quite worn out from lolling in a chair and bossing-off boys about and eating caviare, when they set out sweet rest to work, make for the stairs; they tote a tent and a canoe, a cooking stove they haul. They argue with the grizzly bear and dodge the buffo and furnish much attractive fare for 'skaters as they go. With these still others don't agree, when weak and worn with care, they toddle to a hostelry where nothing's free but air. They dress for golf at half-past three, don driving togs at four, at five o'clock they dress for tea; at eight they dress someone. But when I'm tired, I always choose a plan that has the best of both worlds, my pet retreat, a nook down by the garden wall, a chair that sags a bit, and into this same chair I fall and sit and sit and sit. I sit from morn till dewy eve and neither eat nor drink, nor hope nor fear nor joy nor grieve, I do not even think. Take, if you really need a rest, a chair that sags a bit, hid in a quiet garden nest and sit and sit and sit.

Silencing the Opposition.

The owner of an old millmind in a Southern country village found such difficulty in getting his sails to work through scarcity of wind that he was continually behind with his work. The delay annoyed the farmers, who decided to call a meeting to consider the advisability of building another windmill. Uninvited, the miller also attended the meeting, and in the midst of the discussion rose and said: "You want to build another millmind, do ye? Well, it takes all the wind in the parish to keep my old mill 'a-goin', so ye've have to fish elsewhere for the wind, that's sarlin'."

Advice to the Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Can't Have Friends at Home.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Kindly advise the most miserable girl in the world. I am twenty-three and fairly good-looking, a stenographer in a downtown office, and do not enjoy my work, as I am tired of the same old grind. I live in a tenement house, and though my people can afford to have better environment, yet they do not see fit to do so. For this reason I have held myself aloof and have not shared in any associations whatsoever, and now find my loneliness unbearable. I have spoken to my parents about this matter, but they say that everything is good enough for them and should be good enough for me. I wish you would advise me as to the best course to pursue to gain the friendship of young men and women.

I am not going to minimize the difficulty and unhappiness of your position. It is only tragic, however, if you allow yourself to be utterly cast down by it. First join some good organization like the Y. W. C. A. There are innumerable clubs open to self-supporting girls in New York. Look these up, see what their aims are and decide with which you care to identify yourself.

As far as your home in the tenement is concerned, a girl of my acquaintance, situated as you are, turned the kitchen into a mighty attractive place with blue and white oilcloth, blue and white Japanese print, which she bought at a few cents a yard. First she invited the girls where she was employed, then they brought their young men, and last winter that same tenement house kitchen was the scene of many good times.

Has Out Out Her Sister.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Last year my sister became acquainted with a fine young man who has been calling at our house ever since. About three months ago he stopped taking an interest in my sister, who is two years older than I, and began paying all the attention to me. Would you kindly advise me if it is proper for me to receive his attentions?

If the young man was not engaged to your sister, and made her no binding promises, I do not see why you are not free to receive his attentions. However, the fact that he dropped her for you might serve as a warning for you not to take him too seriously.

Don't let careless expenditure make a slave of your purse. Buy wisely, and increase your money holdings by investing in U. S. S. S.

A Joyous Occasion Is Married When the New Cook's Parrot Breaks Loose Just After She Steps Off the Train.

By FONTAINE FOX



This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the birth in 528 B. C. of Pindar, the most famous of Grecian lyric poets. He was the first extant Greek writer to assert the immortality of the soul and a belief in future judgment. Matthew Arnold calls Pindar a master of the "grand style of simplicity."

Twice-Told Tales of Washington

By Francis de Sales Ryan.

The Wiping Out of the Buffalo Gang

WHEN the noted "Buffalo Gang" was wiped out of police work in 1908, the last vestige of organized crime in Washington passed away. The fight against the Buffaloes is the best story in the efficient police career of Capt. Charles F. M. Lord, of No. 6 precinct.

No record can be found in District police history where any other policeman ever succeeded in bringing before a higher court a case that had been thrown out by a police court. But that is what Lord did. He concentrated and focused all his mental and physical energy upon this one case, taxing himself day and night, until he had strengthened his case with the testimony of a score of reputable witnesses and had established beyond all possibility of denial the presence of the three Buffaloes in the pool room at the precise moment of the crime.

On the night of February 8, 1907, Joseph Egan, a stranger in the city, was lured by three other men into a pool room near Seventh and M streets. Egan was well dressed and had a large sum of money with him. Several games of pool had been played and it was growing late, when one of the men quietly drew down the front shades and locked the door.

The next moment the three men pounced simultaneously on Joseph Egan.

Slashed by Egan, Baden fought furiously until there was a sudden flash of steel in the air and he received what is known as the "surgical" slice from a razor in the hands of one of the three. The keen weapon laid open the entire side of the victim's face, beginning at the top of the forehead and running through the eye and down to the throat. He recovered consciousness ten hours later in Emergency Hospital. He had of course been robbed after the assault.

Captain Lord was then a sergeant in No. 2, and he plunged into this grave assault and robbery case. Fully assured the case, the Buffaloes had committed the crime, he worked with patient energy for ten days forging the links in a chain of circumstantial evidence around Buffalo Moreland and Humph Gattrell. His items of proof were flawless and his conclusions almost mathematically exact when he arrested Moreland, Gattrell and a third member of the gang named "Babe" Root.

Case Was Discussed.

The officers' surprise was unbounded when a police court judge, after listening indifferently to the testimony, dismissed the case for "want of sufficient evidence." Lord is one of the most zealous and conscientious men in the department.

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

YOU remember in the last story how tired little Puss Junior was when he came to the trolley line. You see, he'd been traveling all day along Mother Goose road, and it was hard on his feet and his red-topped boots were nearly worn through, and it was supper time, too, and, well, you know how tired you get just about supper time.

So he stopped at the little covered station house and waited for a car. And there was a jolly party of boys and girls waiting, lay with while they waited they sang this little song: "Ride on the trolley to Banbury Cross, Our auto is busted, we can't get a horse; Ring up the carfare and turn off the brake, For we're in a hurry for fear we'll be late."

And just then along came the trolley car and everybody jumped on board and away they went, the bell ringing loudly and the conductor singing out, "Fare, please! This car for Banbury Cross!"

Well, Puss Junior paid his nickel or maybe, 10 cents, I don't remember which—and by and by when it was quite dark they reached Banbury Cross and everybody got off, to Puss followed the crowd up the street where the lights were burning brightly and the shop windows were lighted up to show all the pretty things for sale.

And then, all of a sudden, he saw in a window a book of "Puss in Boots" with the portrait of his father on the cover. Yes, it was just like the book our little hero had found so long ago up in the garret, and it made him think of the time when he had started out to find his dear father just because he had seen this little book that day on the garret floor. But oh, wasn't that long, ago! He had found his father, yes, even then he wasn't content to stay with him, but must needs go traveling again, and here he was, all alone, in New Mother Goose Land in a strange city.

"High-ho!" said Puss. "It makes me homesick to see that little book." So he went inside the shop and bought it, and the little old man who stood behind the counter laughed so loud and said, "Bless my soul! Is this Puss in Boots?"

"Not exactly," replied our small traveler. "You see before you his son, Puss Junior." At which the little old man was so delighted that he invited Puss to spend the night with him in the little shop, for he had a nice little room in the back with a small white bed and stove and a table, and a few things to make it very comfortable. So Puss stayed with him and the next day started out again. But what happened after that you must wait to hear in the next story.

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To Be Continued.

West Before Grand Jury.

He waited upon Harvey Gleason, Assistant District Attorney, and presented his new case. Gleason was favorably impressed, but, "no more witnesses," he commented, however, to let the grand jury hear the facts, proofs, and Police Lord at his personal expense and at great inconvenience, produced all the witnesses and the new evidence. The grand jury promptly brought in indictments against the accused, and they were rearrested.

The case was a sensational one. It was tried before Judge Gould in Criminal Court, No. 1. Counsel for the accused pleaded that the case should be quashed on the ground that the police court had thrown it out. The judge immediately overruled this plea, and was moved by the earnest sincerity of Sergeant Lord in declaring that he had attaching evidence to prove his case, and he ordered that the trial proceed.

In addressing the court the sergeant took in logical sequence the circumstances of the crime and fixed the precise moment of its commission.

Alibis Are Smashed.

The argument of the defense that the assault was committed at ten minutes past midnight, and that the defendants had proof of their presence in another section of the city at that time, was completely smashed. It was proved that the witness who testified to having heard the fight in the poolroom as he passed by, and to the police court judge, for clock in the jeweler's window adjoining that it was ten minutes past twelve was deceived regarding the time.

What this witness had actually looked at was the reflection of a clock in a window-length mirror, which, when he turned his head twelve minutes before ten minutes after twelve.

After proving the credibility of each of his witnesses, Sergeant Lord established his case. The presence of Buffalo Moreland and his two confederates in the poolroom at the moment of the crime, and he submitted so convincing a volume of circumstantial testimony that the defense was staggered by the barrage of well-arranged facts.

Got Twelve Years Each.

The jury was out seven minutes. The verdict was "Guilty as indicted." "Buffalo" Moreland, Gattrell and Root received each a twelve-year sentence. Their fast words were turned on Sergeant Lord, and as they passed through the corridor of signs on the way to the black van the notorious Buffalo Gang, in of Washington's underworld, died automatically.

ANECDOTES OF THE FAMOUS

AS one who took part in the American civil war, George Haven Putnam, a member of the publishing firm, recalls many interesting incidents in his "Memories of My Youth." He states that one of the advantages of a retreating campaign was the opportunity it gave to officers to straighten up their obligations for various articles and regimental property for which they were responsible. He writes: "The wise officer who looked things upon the way retains these in what might be called a reserve fund. He knows that other articles will disappear later and that it will be a convenience to have something with which to offset his account. On the other hand, if articles disappear without vouchers the commander, who has already had similar experience, makes a practice of carrying them on as hand until his command is involved in anything that could be called a fight. After such fight is over the articles will be duly disposed of in form as 'lost or destroyed in action.'"

"When my regiment was landed in Louisiana the quartermaster and the company commanders were alike responsible for quite an accumulation of articles which had been duly utilized for the benefit of the United States, but for which they had no proper vouchers on file. The first fight—a mere swamp skirmish—was, on our ground, hailed with delight. I remember going up to the post commander with a long list of property that had been 'used up' in this very serious combat. The colonel looked at the paper rather quizzically.

"Quartermaster," he said, "I see in this list seventeen boxes of hatchet heads. The fight must have been very fierce, indeed, if the boys were under the necessity of throwing hatchets at the enemy."

"But he certified the paper, and I was therefore not called upon to make payment for these hatchet heads."